

relic

Chair of St. Peter's at Rome
in cleaning it; there was
discovered, Sculphores of the
12. Labours of Hercules, but
such one of their Church how-
ever declared, alluded to the
12. Disciples of Jesus Christ.

- Troy, -

ANTIQUITIES.

The Topography of Troy; illustrated and
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William Gell, Esq. Folio. 10l 10s. boards.

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M,DCC,LXXXVIII

Gronckle's piece.



While the enraged G R E E K S invade proud T R O Y,
The glorious H E C T O R does their powers def.
Till A J A X coming with a torn-up tree, (troy)
A while withstands the victor's bravery.

THE
SIEGE
OF ROY

A Tragi-Comedy.

As it has been often acted with great Applause.

CONTAINING

A Description of all the SCENES, MACHINES,
and MOVEMENTS,

With the whole Decoration of the PLAY,
Particularly of the ENTERTAINMENT.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Menelaus, King of Greece, and husband of
Q. Helen, engaged in a ten Years war
in the siege of Troy, in revenge for the loss of his
Queen, stolen from him by Paris, son of King
Priamus.

Ulysses, King of Ithaca, engaged in the quarrel
of King Menelau s, and left behind them in their
feigned retreat from before the walls of Troy.

Paris, A Trojan Prince, son of King Priamus.

Sinon. A cunning Grecian, so zealous for the
service of his King, that he cut off his lips, ears
and nose, dismembering his own face, being left
bound in irons, under the belly of the wooden
horse, to be thereby better enabled, from the
sight of such barbarous sufferings, to render him-
self the unsuspected object of their pity to the
Trojan spectators; from thence by his artful
tears and moving eloquence, to insinuate him-
self into their easy belief, as to persuade them to
draw the horse within the city of Troy.

W O M E N.

Helen. King Menelaus's wife, and mistress of
Paris.

Cassandra A virgin daughter of King Priam,
an exalted character of piety and virtue, inspired
by the Gods with a true spirit of prophecy, yet
never believed; a vehement prosecutor of Paris
and Helen for their lewd and wicked lives, and
foretelling the destruction of Troy, as a vengeance
for their impious and hardened adultery.

Venus, the Goddess of love, a patroness to Pa-
ris and Helen.

A numerous mob, trumpets, and attendants of
King Menelaus.

The SIEGE of TROY.⁽¹⁾

Edward Paulet Smith.

A C T I.

The curtain is drawn up, and discovers King Menelaus, Ulysses, Attendants and Guards.

King.

NEVER were wrongs like mine! an impious wife,
The pleasure once, now torment of my life.
Why in his crimes does still the adulterer reign,
And why for ten long years have I in vain
Against Troy's proud walls my feeble vengeance
push'd?

Ulys. Droop not, great sir, for ten years labour
lost,

When a few days now seal the fate of Troy.
Look forward, sir, to that prodigious engine
Of Troy's destruction, that tall wooden horse
We have prepared, in whose dark womb of fate
Five hundred generous volunteers all wait,
All, at one stroke, to give the fatal blow.
Fear not success.

King. No; wise Ulysses, no.

When thy great hands the royal engineer,
'Tis by such pilots I to glory steer.

Ulys. Consider, sir, what managing hand I've
found

To move this vast machine? The honest Sinon:
A man so hearty in your royal cause,
'That he has dismember'd even his very face,
Cut off his lips and nose, and torn his eyes out,

To

The Siege of Troy.

To make himself the object of their pity.
That by his moving looks and artful tears
He may so lull the credulous Trojans ears,
To draw that fatal horse within their walls.

K. Now fate, curst Troy, for quick destruction
calls:

Revenge, O dear revenge, guide my keen sword,
To th' adulterous Helen's canker'd heart!
And oh! 'twill give me more divine delight,
Than all the raptures of her bridal night.

Ulys. Our army thus retired, drawn off from
Troy,
Think what security do their hush'd fears enjoy.

K. Thus far our plot succeeds; this false re-
treat we make, only to come with greater ven-
geance back.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E. II.

Enter Brissle, a Gentleman and his Wife.

Brissle. I tell you on [Exeunt.]
The scene opens, and discovers Paris and Helen
fronting the audience, riding in a triumphant
chariot, drawn by two white elephants, mount-
ed by two pages in embroidered liveries. The
side wings are ten elephants more, bearing on
their backs open castles, umbraged with cano-
pies of gold; the ten castles filled with ten
persons richly dressed. The retinue of Paris;
and on the elephants necks ride ten more pa-
ges, in the like dress. Beyond and over the
chariot, is seen a visto of the city of Troy; on
the walls of which stand several trumpeters,

seen

seen behind, and over the head of Paris, who found
t the opening of the scene.

Paris. Whilst the fair Helen in these arms I
twine,
These sweets and all this beauteous treasure's
mine;

Ten smiling years, crown'd with my vast delight,
Have been but one continued nuptial night.

Helen. O Paris, for thy love what have I
done!
What storms have I pull'd down, what dangers
run!

Asia and Europe wak'd with wars alarms !
Set kingdoms in a blaze, and all the world in
arms,

Paris. But now these wars are done, and Troy's
invincible.
Yes, my fair life, the coward Greeks are fled,
And leave me lord of thee —

And now when the tired world's long discord
cease,
We'll tune our triumphs of war to songs of peace,
Where Hector drag'd in blood, I'll drive around
The walls of Troy, with love and laurels
crown'd

Enter Cassandra.

Cass. O Paris! Paris! all this pageant pride,
And that triumphant sorceress by thy side!
What banners can hard fronted sin display,
When vile adultery adorn'd so gay,
Dares front the light, and shame the blushing
day!

Helen. O my dear Paris, is that screech owl
here? Will

Will that eternal torturer never leave us ?

Cass. No, black adulteress, close as thy dark
[fate I follow thee,
And loud as thy own crying guilt, I come,
To echo thine and Troy's approaching doom,
Yet, headlong Paris, stop thy mad career,
And to the voice of fate unlock thy ear ;
Hear Heav'n and me ! not three short suns shall
E're burning Troy one heap of ruin lies !

P. Vain preaching fool, more dreams more vi-
ssions still,

More tales of stars and fate my ears do fill ?
Will empty noise and nonsense never cease ?
And thy wild frenzy never gives me peace.

Cass. Peace, Paris ! no, with all thy load of
[fin,

Soft peace and thou must never meet again.
War, everlasting war ! the batt'ling world,
And angry Gods, with all the bolts of fate,
Blood, fire and sword, for thy destruction wait.
In Troy's one blazing heap, one funeral urn,
Shalt thou and thy adulterous minion burn.

P. No more, bold insolent, I'll hear no more,
Do not provoke my vengeance thus to dare
With thy vile breath profane this heavenly fair ;
For if thou dost, by all the pow'rs I swear,
I'll drive my chariot o'er thy trampled head,
Beneath my rolling wheels I'll crush thee dead.

C. Yes, thou shalt hear no more, lascivious boy,
Stain to thy blood ! from thee the fate of Troy !
Thy blushing sister takes her weeping eyes,
Not from thy threats, but from thy shame she
flies,

[Exit.
Venus

Venus descends in a chariot drawn by two swans.

P. Hark what celestial musick's this I hear?
See, see love's goddess from her heavenly sphere,
Bright Venus drest in her divinest ray,
Descends to grace the triumphs of this day.

Ven. Yes, Paris, Lord of the fair Helen's charms,
I gave that darling beauty to thy arms,
And will preserve her there—
Secure for ever thy rich prize enjoy;
No envious cloud shall your fair peace destroy,
I'll shine the guardian deity of Troy.

Par. O, I am lost in raptures! this high graced
But where's my vassals? where's my waiting train?
Quick, quick, ye slaves, for goodness so divine,
Join all your airs, your songs of triumph join.

Then ten rich figures in the castles of the elephants, address themselves to the goddess with the following piece of musick in chorus.

S O N G.

HAIL, beauteous goddess, all divine,
Our up-rais'd eyes and hearts are thine;
To love we pray, to love we kneel,
Thy pow'r we own, thy darts we feel,
To thy bright sway, thy sovereign throne,
Not suppliant mortals bend alone;
To the blind God, thy boy, and thee,
Even Jove, almighty Jove, here bends a knee.

A C T II.

The scene opens, and in a wood without the walls of Troy, appears the Trojan Horse, being a figure of that magnitude, that 'tis 17 feet high

high on the top of his back. The whole figure, magnificently adorned with all the trappings and furniture of a war-horse, set off with rich gildings, plumes of feathers, and other suitable decorations.

Under his feet lies Sinon, with a mangled face all bloody, his nose cut off, his eyes out, &c bound in chains.

Enter Mob.

Captain A Y, ay, here 'tis ! Here's the wonder Bristle. A of Greece, and honour of Troy, it All our own boys, huzza !

1st. Mob. Well ! I never saw such a sight in all my born days.

2d. Mob, Ay, Neighbour, 'tis a wonderful beast, that's certain.

Enter Ulysses disguised.

Ulyss. Now, 'tis my hour to mix amongst the Crowd. This dress secures me.

Mob. What are you, Friend ? [To Sinon]

Sinon. A man, Sir, and a grateful one.

Whilst on my knees I thank the generous hand that have unloosed my chains.

Mob. Who bound thee ?

Sinon. Villains.

Mob. What Villains ?

Sinon. Cowardly ones. The cowardly Greeks They who durst no more face the walls of Troy But are all run.

Mob. Run, whither ?

Sinon. To the devil, I hope.

Durst bind an innocent wretch, load me wi

Iron.

Capt. Then, look you, we'll ask him two or three wise questions, and then carry him to kin

Priamus to be examined. Pray, Friend, why did
the Grecians leave this horse behind 'em?

Sinon. The Gods that warned them from the
Siege of Troy,

Commanded 'em to leave this monument,
A pledge of peace never to return in arms.

Mob. This monument we'll have drawn
into the city.

All. Ay, ay I into the city, into the city?

Capt. Hold, hold a little; how will you get
it in there? The gates are all, all too low.

3d. Mob. Ah! Pox o'th' Devil, all too low.

1st. Mob. All undone! all ruined!

2d. Mob. The whole shew spoil'd? we shall
never get it in.

All. O never, never, never.

Ulyss. What! all amort, my honest friends and
countrymen?

Not lead this trophy of the Trojan glory
Into fair Troy's proud city, cause the gates
Are only arch'd too low! Let that not stop ye,
Pull down the walls and give it entrance there.

All. Pull down the walls!

Ulyss. Ay, Gentlemen, make a large breach if
possible,

Large as your own great souls; the walls pull
down,

And have it drawn in triumph thro' the town.

1st. Mob. do you hear that, noble captain?

Capt. Ay, Pox on't, do I hear it? what a
dunce of a dog am I, that could not think of this?

2d. Mob. And what shall we do now, Captain?

Capt. Do! Why pull down the walls! pull
down the walls.

All.

All. Ay, pull down the walls, huzza!

[Exeunt.]

The scene shuts

Ulyss. Now vengeance moves secure.

Now impious Paris!

Thy mother's fatal dream when thou were born,
That from her womb she had a firebrand torn,
Should set all Troy in flames, shall be fulfill'd,
All seal'd with fate, Troy shall in flames expire,
This arm and thy hot lust, shall light the fire.

Enter Cassandra alone. [Exit.]

Cass. Why was I born Troy's virgin oracle,
Th' impending fate of empire to foretell,
Yet never be believ'd? — Yet at the least,
I've begg'd the Gods a miracle to perform:
No more then Paris's deaf ears I'll storn;
His nobler senses now I will surprize,
And preach bright reason to his blinded eyes.

[Exit.]

The Scene opens and discovers the temple of Diana, consisting of ten pieces of painting, in each of which are seen ten statues of the Heathen Gods, viz. Jupiter, Juno, Pallas, Apollo, Neptune, Thetis, Mars, Venus, Ceres and Mercury. In the Temple is a rich altar-piece, in the middle of which on a pedestal, stands a young woman, dress'd in cloth of gold, representing the statue of Diana, holding a hunting spear in her hand; and on two other pedestals, stand two more young women, representing two of her nymphs: Over this altar piece are seen three beautiful circles of clouds, and Diana is seen riding in a chariot drawn by two Hinds.

[Exeunt.]

Enter a procession of Priests and Priestesses in
Vestments adorned with silver Crescents.

Vocal Musick.

BRight Cynthia, sovereign queen of light,
With all thy vassal stars so bright.
Where the celestial glories shine
To thee, to thee,
We bend a knee.

Our song of triumph thine.

Enter Paris and Helen. Their trains borne up by
twelve pages.

Par. Since Troy's deliverance at Diana's shrine,
Has brought you here to pay your rites divine,
This sacred song with that attraction draws.

Priest. If our resounding song of triumph calls
Such princely heads to grace our secret walls,
Rise, raise your airs, if possible yet higher,
When such illustrious glory joins the choir.

Procession begins again.

BRight Cyynthia, to our solemn vows,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
Hold no less than princely brows,
Our solemn offering join ;

Our foes are run,
Our fears are done,

The Greeks are fled, and Troy's our own.

Enter Cassandra.

Helen. Ha ! do I see that persecuting face ;
Bearing the new loads of scandal ? new disgrace
To throw on my fair faire !

Par. No danger fear,
These sacred walls will bear no insult here.

Cass. O Paris, what mistaken piety [a kne
Has brought thee here? Canst thou who bend'st
To impious love, r'unchaste and loose desire,
Bow to Diana, join her virgin choir?

Par. What brings thee here? thou gav'st th
word before,

That I should hear that creaking voice no mor

Cass. And I'll perform my word: I come n
now

To court thy ears, but to convert thine eyes,
The Gods have given me a power to act a miracle
See'st thou those glittering statues of the deities,
In all their shining robes of gold array'd?

Par. Yes, all too bright for thy weak blast
shade.

Cass. Those radiant forms, if possible to fabl
dark as thy crimes, I'll at one breath transform
And hang yon smiling skies with all the flames o
hell.

Here Cassandra moves her wand, and in th
twinkling of an eye, ten golden statues in th
paintings are all turned black, and the three
figures on the pedestals, are likewise stript
their cloaths of gold, and all drest in black
and the whole view of the heavens is change
to a flaming hell.

Cass. Now Paris, since thou'st lent so deaf a
ear,

To all my oracles of truth, see here!
Will you believe your eyes?

Par. My eyes!

Cass. Yes, Infidel.

Will all these dreadful sights convince?

Par. Sights! — What sights?

Cass. That hideous and amazing scene!

Par. Cassandra, what does this distraction mean?

Cass. The very Gods their heads in sable shroud.

And yon bright skies in one infernal cloud;

Wrapt round with horror, mourn the fate of Troy.

Par. What clouds? What sable?

Cass. Look, look there, blind boy! [less thing,

Par. Sister, mad foolish, wretched, thought-

To idle miracles make no more pretence;

I pray thee rave no more, learn to talk sense;

But kneel, O kneel, and beg the pitying Gods,

To pardon thee this impious profanation;

Enough to make the very images

Whose shining beams our darter eyes behold,

If possible, blush through their burnish'd gold,

To hear thee talk thus wildly.

Cass. Then thou see'st not

Yon dismal transformation!

Par. Transformation!

I see thee all transform'd. Thou that wert born

A princess, heir to all that should adorn

The courts of kings, with royal reason crown'd,

But Oh! thy white fair senses lost and drown'd,

Thou'ret in thy mad fantastic frenzy hurl'd,

A roving lunatic round the wander'd world.

Cass. O what confusion strikes my startled ear,

And do you, reverend men, see nothing there?

No change in that high root?

Priest. A change in thee

We see with pity. Why lost wits we see.

Cass. Now I'm lost! the low'ring destinies

Are only visible to these poor eyes,

And walk in clouds to all the world, besides,
Now mourn, Cassandra, thy lost country mourn,
In vain my helpless hand her fate would turn,
O Paris, thou must bleed, and Troy must burn.

Hel. Now, my dear love, I am ever thine.

Par. Yes, my fair life, whilst thy bright beams
divine,

And all those golden Gods our guardians shine.

A C T III.

The scene opens, and discovers the town of Troy, consisting of ten pieces of uniform painting, representing a street of magnificent buildings, terminating with a double wall of the city, and over the wall is seen an upper town. In the centre of the city stands the horse, out of whose sides, in the sight of the audience, ladders slip out, and immediately near forty soldiers with officers, issue out of the body of the horse, all with drawn swords.

First Officer.

NOW the great work draws on! the Trojan throats will a cheap and easy prize be found,

In their dead sleep and drunken revels drown'd.

2d. But hush, lie close till the great signal's given:

The king and all the army wait without,
To second the great blow we must begin,
Returning by the night's protecting shade,
Entering that breach the Trojan hands have made.

[The Scene shuts.]

Enter Mob drunk.

1st. Mob. Well Captain, we have had a rory tory night on't.

Capt.

Capt. Ay, neighbour, the noble prince Paris
has made all the conduits in the town ~~of~~^{for} claret,
and given us such feasting and topping, and fid-
ling and roaring, 'till we are all princes as great
as himself.

All. Ay, ay, all princes! all princes!

Capt. O neighbours, here are rare days coming
on, now the wars are done, and peace and plenty
are pouring in upon us; we shall have no trade
but eating and drinking; we shall have six half-
penny loaves for a farthing, and every pint pot
shall hold a gallon.

2d. Mob. But are you sure these blessed days
are coming?

Capt. Sure! why I have prince Paris's own
word for it,

3d. Mob. And we may take his word, for he
is a gracious good prince.

Capt. And we his loyal and obedient subjects,
after his own pious example, walk uprightly, live
soberly, and are all drunk with joy.

Enter Wife.

Wife. Ay there's my beast, Capt Tom, and
Capt. Sot, too; Pox on him, no I must play the
hypocrite, and coax him home to bed; If I don't
I am sure I shall have a foul load of garbage of
him to morrow morning. Have I found thee,
my deary? Well, my dear, thou hast made a pret-
ty night on't. But come, chicken, 'tis past mid-
night, and prithee let's houne to bed.

Capt. What, go like a poor dog to bed with
my own Wife? No Hussy, I'd have you to know,
I'll keep a whore, like Prince Paris; a whore.

Wife. A whore! Ay, ay, thou shalt keep a whore, thou shalt keep me, my dear, so prithee go home to bed.

3d. Mod. Ay, noble captain, take her good council; 'tis nigh sleeping time, and so let's all go to bed.

Capt. Say you so? Then home let's be jogging, there take 't other Be drunk both without and within doors; A pack of mad fellows, we'll burn, burn the bellows,

And throw the whole house out of the windows.

The scene opens and discovers the town without the horse. Enter King Ulysses, Grecian guards and attendants, all with drawn swords in one Hand, and lighted flambeaus in the other.

King. Now vengeance thou'rt my own! Now impious Troy,

Thy fall draws on. Burn, ravish and destroy: Heap piles of fire thro' every flaming street.

Ulyss. And sheath your swords in all the throats you meet.

King. Spare neither age nor sex.

Ulyss. Nor shrines nor temples save, Make all one crimson, and one blazing grave.

King. Pull both with fire and sword, that vengeance down.

'Till Troy shall even at once both burn and drown: Think how you build the adulterous Helen's urn, Hot as her lust, her funeral pile shall burn.

During these commands given by the king, the soldiers run up and down the streets, seemingly setting

setting the town on fire, whilst near forty windows or pole holes in the several paintings, all appear on fire, the flames catching from house to house, and all performed by illuminations and transparent paintings, seen scattered thro' the scenes, both in the upper and lower towns.

Here enter several Trojans, in various and distract'd postures, through the flaming streets, pursued by the Grecians, other Grecians running away with young women in their arms, all with several shrieks and Cries, &c.

Enter Paris.

Par. O these dread flames ! Jove pours his wrathful fire,
Against poor Troy, both men and fates conspire.
But fire and sword fall with an easy weight ;
I've lost my Helen ! There's my stroke of fate !

Enter Cassandra.

Cass. Now, unbeliever, see those blazing ruins
Par. Cassandra ! of Troy.

Cass. Behold thy country, fathers, brothers,
And all thy bleeding victims ! see their fall,
And tremble at thy own ; their burning graves,
Not half so hot as thy infernal fires.

Par. I dare not see that face. It strikes a blush.

Cass. If thou can't blush, blush to the gods,
not me.

What though the black adulterer, yet thou art
A brother still, and I've a sister's heart.

Par. O divine goodness ! now I am lost indeed,
Tis thro' this only wound my soul could bleed.

C. Farewell ; prepare to die, thou hast not three

Repenting

Repenting minutes left 'twixt death and thee,
Forsook by all the world, and only mourn'd by
me.

Par. Thou oracle of fate, to my great doom
I bow,
Not overtook by death, I'll meet it now.

Enter king, Ulysses and guards.
King. Burn out, my blazing vengeance, burn
so bright,
Till the pale stars of this immortal night,
Shrink in their heads at thy diviner light.

Enter Paris.

Paris. Where is the fate I'd meet?

King. Traytor, 'tis here

Paris. I know that face too well,

King. And this keen steel,
Shall know thy heart as well.

Ulyss. Hold, sir, disgrace not
Your iword, with such polluted blood ;
An ax, a Scaffold, and an hangman's hand,
Best fit to vile a traytor's execution.

K. Unkind Ulysses, would'st thou rob my glory ?
His death, and by this arm of justice given ?

No, Paris, meet thy fate, and from this hand ?

Let public scaffolds meaner heads demand.

The' thy soul's blacker than perdition ; still

Thou'st Priam's royal blood thy veins to fill :

That only claim does for his vengeance call.

Thou'st born a prince, and by a king shalt fall.

This to thy heart ! [Fights and kills Paris.]

Paris. O King, thou'st aimed too well.

King. Down, Royal Monster, to thy throne in
hell.)

Paris.

Paris. Vain world, and what's more vain,
fond love, farewell.

[Dies.]

Helen enters above.

Hel. My Paris dead! On this sad object fixt,
Eyes look your last, 'tis Helen's fate comes next!

K. Ha! seize the traitress, bring her to my
vengeance.

Bring her alive, for wheels and racks and tortures
Whole years of death.

Hel. No, I defy thy power!

Here I am safe within this flaming tower.

I see what fate does my poor Paris share;

For him I liv'd, for him alone was fair,

And since my joys in his cold urn lie dead,

Those curling flames shall be my last warm bed;

Look up then to this shining bed of fire,

And see the phoenix of the world expire. +

[Leaps down into the fire.]

King. She has bravely escaped me.

Ulyss. Yes, when thus she fell,

She has performed, great sir, an ill part well.

King. 'Tis done! 'tis done, this brace of traitors slain,

This one night's joy rewards my ten years' pain.

[Exit. Scene shuts.]

F I N I S.

Note + Queen Helen, in fact Henry herself,
ende Revd. Thomas Hazlote Theatric of
Gods Judgements. of curios, and
Rare Book.

•1115. Lydgate's (John) Hystory, Sege, and Dystruccyon of Troye

—*Black letter—with curious wood-cuts, neat, £18.*

{
FIRST EDITION, rare in the extreme, and of which no perfect copy is known
to be extant. It is not in the British Museum, the Bodleian, Earl
Spencer's, the Duke of Marlborough's, or Capell's Shaksperiana. It
was not in the Libraries of Chauncy, West, Hutton, Wright, Pear-
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